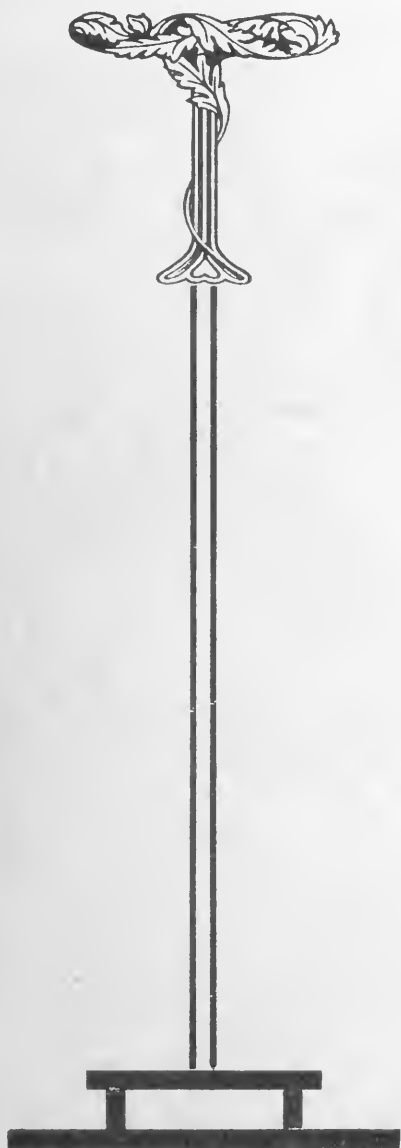


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Poems and Poems"



By

DR. WM. H. RICHARDS

Knopville, Tenn.
W. J. Winters Co., printers.
1921

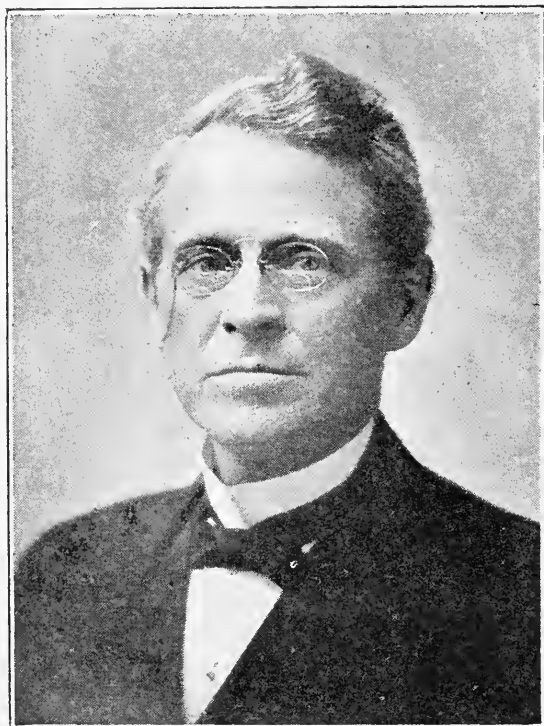
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THESE SKETCHES
ARE POEMS BY
WILLIAM H. RICHARDS, D. D. S.
FROM HIS HEART GALLERY

Take a Stroll Through It With Him. He May Have Felt One of
Your Heart Strings. Such Is Life!



Edited by a Journalistic Friend



DR. WM. H. RICHARDS

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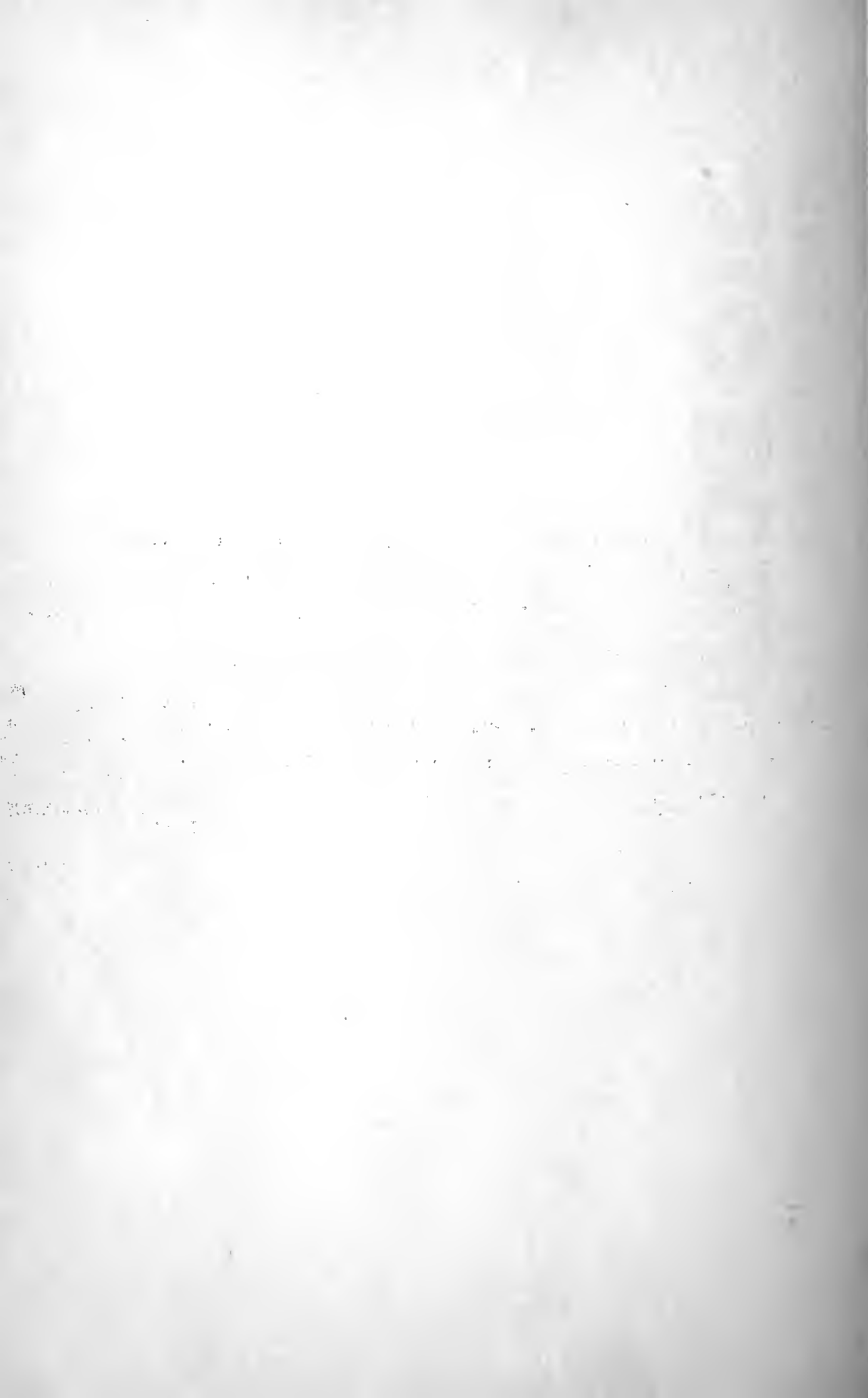
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NOV 18 1921

I have found real pleasure in going through and making selections from the writings of Dr. Richards, man and gentleman, writer and entertainer, poet, scientist and inventor.

Were there no limit to space, more selections equally as good as those which follow, could have been included. The man, Richards, is fine and in him is no guile. What he has uttered has been of no less a worthy plane. Read, and know, in part, something of the Richards heart.

—Editor.



WHERE HEAVEN IS FOUND

Nature has a Soul somewhere,
The Soul of Inspiration.
I've felt its call to sing to all
In every land and nation.

Nature has a Heart somewhere
In Touch with all Creation.
I've felt it throb and heard it sob
In every walk and station.

Nature's Heaven is Everywhere,
Unbounded as Creation.
It has a Throne where love is shown
In Peace, not Desolation.

Nature's God is Everywhere,
The Soul of Incarnation.
We are His breath in life or death
And Crowning Inspiration.

Rudyard Kipling wrote some blank verse on a Military topic which I have de-coded into Dental language.

THE DENTAL LUNATIC

We're Dentists- work- work- work- working for Humanity.
Work- Work- Work- Work- Working for Humanity!
Teeth- teeth- teeth- teeth- movin' up an' down again—
There's no relief in the World.

It - is - mighty - bad putting in the fillin's—
And ex- trac- ting the pulps by the mill-ions:
From teeth- teeth- teeth- teeth- movin' up an' down again—
There's no relief in the World!

Don't- don't- don't- don't- Orthodonty worries you—
Teeth- teeth- teeth- teeth- movin' up an' down again:
Doc's- Doc's- Doc's- Doc's- Doc's go mad watchin' 'em;
An' there's no relief in the world!

Seven- six- eleven- four- eight- and twenty pulled today!
Four- eleven- seventeen- thirty-two the day before!
Teeth- teeth- teeth- teeth- movin' up an' down again;
There's no relief in the World.

Plates- plates- plates—, in the gummy mouth o' them—
If - your - eyes - drop—, they will get a bite o' you!
Teeth- teeth- teeth- teeth—, movin' up and down again,
There's no relief in the World!

In - your - dreams - you - can sense the sound o' them—
Clash- clash- clash- clash- movin' in an' out again:
Gnash- gnash- gnash, movin' up an' down again:
An' there's no relief in the World.

We - have - worked - our - lives in 'Ell an' certify,
It- is- not- the- patients' sex or anything,
But teeth- teeth- teeth- teeth movin' up an' down again,
An' there's no relief in the world!

We - can - stick - out - groan an' sigh an' weariness—
But not, - not - not - the chronic sight of 'em—
Teeth- teeth- teeth- teeth movin' up an' down again:
An' there's no relief in the world!

Try- try- try- to think o' something different—
Oh- my- soul- I believe I'm goin' lunatic—
Teeth- teeth- teeth- teeth—, movin' up an' down again,
There's no relief in the World.

SISTER CONSTANCE'S PRAYER

Oh! Ancient Father of wisdom,
God, over all,
On Thee I call, from the depths of life's ignorance
Lift Thou the pall, for good or evil,
The Tree of Life casts over all.

From the solitude of my Eden,
Father, I call,
From the top of knowledge's sacred tree
I fain would fall, if by this fall this solitude,
Would bring that love which knoweth no sin and forgiveth all.

To shield him from the stain I did not call;
Virtues crown, the price of my soul my very all,
I gave to him with childlike faith
In sacred hall,
Where other twain went forth to wed, we went to fall.

'Twas in the Vicars house I fell,
He made me fall;
The sacrificial blood I shed for loves sweet call
Was purer than that which flows, if love's not all,
In the children of those who wed where law is all.

Father! Mary, Mother of Thy Son,
God over all,
Conceived of Thee in Sacred Wild,
At sacred call
Of Holy Ghost, Thy Holy Son
Proclaimed to all "Let the innocent cast .
"The first stone at those who fall."

TO SPRING—QUEEN OF SEASONS

When fragrant buds are peeping
In Springtime's early morn,
And hazy fogs are creeping
From downy beds at dawn
We see the leafy bowers,
In swaying plumes of green
Sifting diamond showers
In the lap of Nature's Queen.

Thou Queen of all the Seasons
We greet thee with our cheers
And marvel at the reasons
That fill your smiles with tears.
Time leaves no lines in keeping
With all the years you've spent
Because your artful weeping
Comes not from heart that's rent.

Thou Queen of all the Seasons,
The flowers that deck thy breast
God grew them for the reasons
And holds them where they rest.
'Till rainbow tinted flowers
Send incense laden dew
Through Heaven's welcome showers
Each ~~sermon~~ back to you.

Season

MOTHER OF LIBERTY

Mother of Liberty, Thy Holy Light
Enshrines the world in Glory bright,
Adorns Columbia's Diadem and
Relumes the Star of Bethlehem.

Thy sons and sires from every race
Cradled 'neath the inspired grace,
Lighted by Love were born to lead
Your allied sons of state and creed.

To blaze the way for Freedom's Shrine
Above the stars of your Ensign,
Above the belfry's crumbling spire,
Above the altar's alien fire,

Above the Tomb whose Sacred dome,
Falling, touches Heart and Home,
Of race and creed and All indeed
Who felt the Sting of Monarch's deed,

Till Peace—Just Peace—has crowned the day
Sheathing the sword of Might for Aye
On this, the World's Thanksgiving Day,
—The Day of Armistice—.

OUR STAR OF GOLD

"LaFayette, we come,"

A Yankee lad first knelt, in prayer,
Near Christ's Gray General "over there;"

Then, rising, cried with abated breath
"Give Us Liberty, Or Give Us Death."

The Yankee lad, the first to fall
'Neath Liberty's guiding hand
Has blazed the way, at Freedom's call
For the dear dead from every land.

Columbia's star has changed its light
From silvery sheen to glowing gold,
To mark the sacrificial flight
Of a Liberty loving soul.

Freedom's scions the world around
All hold his memory dear,
Destiny makes this Holy Ground,
For Columbia's Shrine is Here.

May 8, 1919.

MAGDELENE'S SISTER PIOUS

Her eyes were set in bias slits
And winked as if by chance
Her brow was knit to keep her wits
From freezing every glance.
Her cold gray stare was bold and bare,
Of softening lash or tear
She had no soul, no love to spare;
She said herself, "I'm queer."

Queer she was and the query is,
When we, her features scan,
The wonder is, that such a fizz
Is a part of nature's plan.
Her nose was thin, so was her skin,
The blood beneath was blue
But not the kind you'll find within
Hearts with impulse true.

Her lips were thin and turned within
And wear no winsome pout;
They have the slant of bias can't
Which leaves all charity out.
She fed the rich and high in state,
For the praise they had to spare,
And drove the pauper from her gate
With a cold forbidding stare.

Her edged tongue with honey hung
To hide it's subtle snare,
From those it stung and hearts it rung
For envy's morbid glare.
Where Magdeline slept, prayed or wept,
Or erring footsteps fell,
She laid in wait with envy's hate
Of sisters' faults to tell.

From Heaven to Hell an angel fell
So shall the imps of fate
Feel the smart of a burning heart
For changing love to hate.
There'll be o'er hell's undying yell
Yells from Annanias,
When doomed to dwell with imps in hell
And their sister pious.

OLD UNCLE DAN

From Dixie's new highway
 There's a winding by-way
To a town of Old Barleycorn
 Where bold Uncle Dan
And his dog "Snarley" were born.

In the marts of the South
 There's a "moonshine drouth"
Dry as bones on the lawns
 That are left by the hound
To bleach on the ground
 By the Tomb of Old Barleycorn.

Near the winding by-way
 After a long "dry" day
By the lure of the 'Shiner's Horn
 There sleeps Ol' Uncle Dan
A real bootlegging man
 And his dog by Old Barleycorn.

Here's peace to the soul of Old Uncle Dan
 Whose spirit fled with the cup that "queers"
And to the Visions of Old Mammy Ann
 That cling to my dreams of Childhood's years.

THE MOONSHINE SPY

"I was riz where the moon seemed to me
As sly on "shine" as I used to be
I was as wild as any wild cat
As to the law, I didn't mind that
Jes stuck to my gun and old bowie knife
Didn't give a damn 'bout anybody's life.
Fit for the worm, that turned by and bye
And stung my old state, 'til she went dry;

"Where I still'd liquor, and sold it out
The revenue boys laid round about;
They camped on my trail every now and then
Tried mighty hard to put me in the pen,
When I went to town to help the wets fight
The "drys" came round to snuff my light,
The town went as dry as my powder horn
Fighting gin the spirit of "Old Barley Corn."

"I've seed him downed in more ways than one—
Working for a chance, trying to make a run
When he warn't strong he'd better keep "still"
Til he drewed a beed for old Uncle Bill
Who never was knowed in all his life
For taking up his gun for any other strife
Till Uncle Sam called for a first class spy
To fight gin the "Uns" like he fit gin the dry.

"Here's to my gun and old friend Rye.
When we drawed a beed something had to die.
The old Fuzees of bygone years
Did mighty good work for the Volunteers—
They are not fit for sniping off "Uns"
That won't bite the dust from any slow guns,
Like the Pilgrims of Progress had to lay by
With my old Rifle when the State went dry."

HUMBUG TRUST

"A June bug said to a Butterfly
Why doesn't you work as the day goes by
A laying up honey like you see I does?
Why! you haven't even got the grit to buzz."

"The Butterfly said to the Bumblebee,
'Why isn't you all dressed up like me?
I haven't a thing in the world to do
But show off my clothes dat look so new.' "

—Anonymous.

A Bull frog, high on his white stool,
Said to his Cow frog, over in the pool,
'You'd better go round and catch dat fool
Before he starts a new-fangled School.'

This world will be an awful muss
If we don't stop this humbugging trust,
From sending out bees on gaudy wing, to
Teaching butterflies to jazz and sing.

So you'd better go round, my Cow frog queen
And catch dat fool asettin' on de bean;
I'll put him where he'll never be seen,
Helpin' June bugs keep your Bull frog green
In the memory of stings that might have been.

SWANANNOA TO SWANANTAQUA

From Rhododendron's floral home
'Neath craggy mountain's opal dome
The Swanannoa sings and flows
Where Swanantaqua comes and goes,
'Neath clouds where Seven Sisters rise
With incense trailing to the skies.
Where dew-gems of rainbow hue
Blend 'till the flowers renew
Their Heavenly tints as pure and true
As Swanannoa's songs for me and you.

SWANANTAQUA TO SWANANNOA

Swanannoa, I come again,
To see your flowers bloom once more
To hear your songs and sweet refrain
Of birds that sing along your shore.
On this trail my tribe is sleeping
Through dreams of lands they hope to see
Where the great spirit is keeping
Hunting grounds for the Cherokee.

This poem won the prize for naming the Episcopal resort at Black Mountain, N. C., which is now known as Swanantaqua.

THE GALILEAN PILOT

In the cold gray dawn of a passing morn,
From a fated ship at sea,
Rose a parting prayer for one left there
Who gave his life for me.
To an unknown shore I plyed my oar
With those unknown to me
Who felt the strain in heart and brain,
"Nearer my God to Thee."

To a captain true and a faithful few
On a broken ship at sea,
Who gave their place with heavenly grace,
Are dearer Lord to Thee.
No greater Love is borne above
By those who follow Thee
To the sweet refrain, "We will meet again;"
"Nearer my God to Thee."

Thy spirit Lord, with one accord,
Was wafted o'er the sea
By those whose strains of love remains
"Nearer my God to me."
The souls he saved from the ship that braved
The icy isles at sea
Will dwell above in realms of love,
With Thee, Pilot of Galilee.

Inspired by the sinking of the Titanic.

JUST TEMPORIZE AND NEUTRALIZE

Some things were not made for fun
And from them we can't always run.
I will be bold and of them tell,
"You can catch Cold and you can catch Hell!"

"Say cold, catch hell,
And hell, catch cold."

Each the other realizes
And makes a temperate zone
And everybody harmonizes
And leaves extremes alone!

TO A FATHER'S DAUGHTER

Your dear dunning letters came
And seem ever to wind up the same—
Have the same tune, starts with "honey"
And always end with a call for "more money."

For twenty-five years I've paid your bills
And I'm bound for the Poor House O'er the Hills.
If I do not die before I arrive there
Ariding on Poverty's old nightmare.

My poor old steed everybody knows
And I always wear the same old clothes.
The same old gate she'll always choose,
She's just like you—"She's Hell on Shoes."

NO TOOTHLESS KISS FOR ME!

Thy teeth, like Memorial stones,
Mark the place of mouldering bones.
Thy lips enfold no pearly shrine,
Tempting Cupid's heart to pine.
For the bliss of thy soulful kiss
Is not from teeth like thine!

EDEN'S FRUIT--AN APPLE AND A PAIR

The first limited lunch in this world of woes
Was in Eden's Garden where Eve chose
Apples for lunch for a company of two.
Apples were plenty but guests were few.

One was enough for the love sick twain
Who sampled the Tree of Knowledge for "gain"
For better, for worse, far better thus
Than going it alone with no one to cuss.

COME, SMILE AWHILE

Come, smile awhile with me,
My cheer brings smiles to thee.

But, when you smile,
Think as of yore
Of the tales galore
'Bout friends and folks whom we adore
And extends from ear to year.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

A vision of Franklin came in the night
Of a key and a message "Let there be Light."
By the might of his brain lightning flashed white
O'er "a string and a key" tied to a kite.

The key and the message that came with the kite
Opened Life's trail to a world of delight.
Each ray of the beacon grew in its might
'Till Darkness and Demons fled from its sight.

Relentless Old Time, the Father of Blight,
Called from Darkness God's Apostle of Light.
The Earth, his tomb, will glow always bright
Like stars God lit for the curtain of night.

REJECTED VOLUNTEER

Dedicated to Dr. W. H. Richards,

By His Friend, Lucy D. A. Tipton

All hail to thee! Strong Scion of thy noble state,
Loving her with a love so deep, so true, so great
When thou wert but a laddie, leaving thy roof tree,
To give thy life if needed, to keep Virginia free.
No thought of fear or danger entered thy brave soul
Thy grief so real, o'er message "sure babies can't enroll"
As bomb did blast thy high hopes to be a soldier true.

Undaunted still, great ardor led to thick of fight,
Where brave men all were watching, fearing for thy life,
In love and praise the idol of soldiers and of men
And now the war is over, pipes the dove of peace—
But the heart that in anguish fought for thy state's release
Is the same that now is striving countless friend's to bless.

When deep down in the valley of grief they must go,
Beside them sure, you're walking while your eyes with tears
 o'erflow;
If happy, then you're joyous, merry as the best,
This the Laddie, tho 'tis fifty years or more
He's the same fine Laddie that he was in Sixty-four,
When he trudged home to mother with tales of war galore.



(Was in Co. "E," Picket's Division, 8th Virginia Infantry.)
"Too young to fight but not to cheer."

THE KAISER'S GETHSEMENE

It was on Friday night, November 7, 1918—four days before the signing of the Armistice—that I sought repose as the clock struck ten.

The receiver of my mental periscope was as clear of cloud or fog as the crisp air that lulled me to sleep, playing Aeolian airs on the wireless receiver of my brain.

These gentle zephyrs grew into a storm which carried me in its teeth, until, weary of its load, left me on the brink of the River of Doubt.

Desolation was apparent, as if a tornado had swept everything to destruction, leaving the swollen river bearing her rubbish to the sea, whose roar seemed but reverberations of distant thunder.

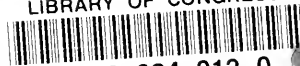
The Sun had slipped the mantle of night over the Earth. The boldest stars lent their jewelled Light of Hope—after the storm had passed.

Looking in the direction in which the river was flowing, I beheld the figure of the Kaiser sitting on the brink of the River of Doubt, in the attitude of prayer.

My eyes were suddenly dimmed, as if a blinding flash of lightning hovered over the scene. On second sight it assumed the aspect of the Sun's relentless glow, when, to my astonishment, I beheld two figures, one unseen by me before—Queen Victoria in the attitude of supplication before her Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, on behalf of the fleeing storm-tossed King of War, Wilhelm.

I had no preconceived idea of such an event. This vision confirmed my belief in mental telepathy.

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